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ABSTRACT

This collection of 26 student writing samples from the nine schools of the Iditarod Area School District, McGrath, Alaska, includes poetry and prose reflecting nature, community life, recreation, and drug problems. Native Alaskan and Caucasian students of elementary and secondary levels are represented. (DF)

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Title I presents...

POEMS AND STORIES FROM INTERIOR ALASKA

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. . .

I've found in my travels as an itinerant poet that there are kids in every school in the District, who like to write. And when they've written something, gotten over the barriers that shut up their words, they like to see their words in print.

I think it comes as a pleasing surprise to people when their words are made into a <u>thing</u> that other people can read.

Much of the writing I've collected is interesting, and some of it is very good. It think it ought to be encouraged and recognized.

Katherine McNamara

Written by the Students in the Iditarod Area School District in Alaska, which consists of: Anvik, Grayling, Shageluk, Holy Cross, Takotna, Lime Village, McGrath, Telida and Nikolai

Compiled by Deborah Karz

Printed by Michael Harrington

Superintendent
Iditarod Area School District
P.O. Box 105
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Shageluk
High School Student

Everyday when I go to school
I see the fellow who chops
wood and brings them in our
school. Every day when I go
to school I see the grade
school kids rushing up
to their school. Every day
when I go to school I
see the teacher and her man
going to the Community Hall.
The fellow who gets wood gets
enough so it will last until
school is out. He is tall, lean,
and muscular.

Nadine Gregory
6th-Nikolai

After the snow buntings
come back
snow begins to melt,
running water falls
among the snow banks

Grades 4-8
Anvik

COLLABORATION: ODE TO A WOLF

We like their fur,
the way it feels.
We like their bushy tails
and their furry sharp ears.
Tough and rough
and meaner than a dog,
they gallop faster than a fox.
They like to eat moose meat.
If we ever met one face to face
We'd
climb a tree,
dig a hole,
run for our life,
play dead,
stand still,
don't breathe.

Janet Gregory
5th-Holy Cross

About Big Foot
Bigfoot is as tall as a tree
and he have too big toes on his feet
and he is so hairy all over him
but not on his face
and he is so heavy
and bigfoot is seven feet tall
and nobody is as tall as him
and Bigfoot is as tall as a building
and Bigfoot is as huge as an elephant

Polly Bobby
7th-Lime Village

A tree
standing alone
in the tundra
is like
a man with nothing
around him.

NIKOLAI SCHOOL (9

D: What you gonna do after school?
J: Go home. What about you?
G: Get stoned.
D: Are you gonna get stoned too?
J: Only if I'm invited.
D: Let's talk about something else besides getting stoned.
J: Like what?
G: About motorbikes
D: I don't know anything about them.
J: Honda is going strong
G: I wish I had a Kawasaki. Kawaski is the best.
D: Let's change the subject again. I don't want to talk about motorbikes.
J: Yeah, but what is there to talk about besides motorbikes--getting stoned?
G: I'll mail this on Friday
D: Mail what on Friday?
J: Yeah, I want to know what's going to be mailed on Friday too!
G: A letter.
D: What kind of letter?
G: Do you have to know?
J: Yeah
D: I want to know too!
G: You can get a better job without experience.
D: Oh, let's change the subject again. Last time then I'll quit talking.
J: Gabe, what's it like to be in Mt. Edgecumbe?
G: Alright man
D: I liked it there too. I quit talking you guys can talk.

Shageluk
High School Student

I remember
I killed my first moose with a 22 rifle.
I was walking along hunting grouse.
All of a sudden,
I saw this big thing standing on the river bank.
Then I went closer and it was a moose.
I aimed, fired and fired until the gun was empty.

(signed) The Hunter

Tammy Alexia
2nd-Nikolai

It's summer
I can ride a bike
in summer
You can fish
I can have a boat ride
I can swim at the lake
I can plant a garden
I cannot ride a little bike
I can ride a big bike
I can play with my brother

Mary Olga E.
7th-Holy Cross

Dogs
Shiver as the wind pass by. They approach like a tiger.
Some dogs are smart Some are lazy.
Houses
A house is made of wood. Some houses are old even
young. Some are so old that they lean to the side.
Trees
They whistle in the north or south wind. They are
pretty in the summertime They are gentle in the wind.

Telida

A pile of logs:
waiting to become a cabin

Kayih hwdichina' nedinalgwt
Kayih tolaɬ ts'i hihnet'

(trans. Steven Nikolai)

Nikolai

LITTLE BABE

I hear the little babe cry,
she is crying a lot,
why is no one helping her?
The mother does not care.
Why did she bring the little
one to the world if she doesn't
care about the little baby?
Poor little baby is crying a lot.
She is hungry.
Come on woman feed the little one,
she is hungry too not just you.
Poor little baby crying a lot.

Freddie Dennis
2nd - Telida

I remember riding a snow machine
I remember bouncing
I remember the airplane
I remember the dogs
I remember bark
I remember songs I like
I remember rock and rolls
I remember the cars
Drive
I remember the dogs that I see racing
I remember the songs that I hear on the radio
I remember the ducks that fly
I remember the gold that I saw
Gold crayons
I remember the ABCs
I remember the fire
I always see smoke
I remember the branches I see
I remember the snow
I remember the faces I make
I remember the squeakings I hear
and earthquake

Grades K-1-2-3
Anvik

COLLABORATION: HOW TO PULL A TOOTH

Tooth

You get a string
and a wet paper towel.
Then you look in the mirror
and feel around with your finger
and see if you have any loose teeth.
Put the string in the cracks of your teeth,
and tie a loop around your tooth
and pull it OUT.
Put it in a glass of water
and put it on the window sill.
Then go to bed.
and then the Tooth Fairy will come
and take your tooth
and put money in the cup.

Rosie Alexie
7th-Lime Village

Nancy's bread soft as a cushion
baking in the oven
like a roasting marshmellow,
smelling fresh as the air
in the summer breeze.

Debbie Esai
10th--Nikolai

STONED

You are stoned,
You try not to show it, you try to hide out,
but it will not go away.
Stoned is dumb and stupid.
Why did the whiteman bring it
to our village?
It just ruins my people.
You think you feel good when you are stoned,
now why did the whiteman bring it to my village?
It ruined my people and me
Now why did he bring it to my village?
We were all happy and joyful before,
he brought marijuana to my village.
My people need food, but instead with the
money they get they buy weed.
Now why did the whiteman bring weed to my village?

Margaret Bobby
7th-Lime Village

In the night a old woman sit at the edge of the riverbank. There in the moonlight.er hearing the noise of a roaring lion a hot flaming sun sat on the right side of her. She was like a baked potato in a oven.

Eva Nikolai
11th-Nikolai

I met him by the river
on a beautiful night.
The stars and moon were out.
We took a walk on the beach.
We watched the stars,
listened to the loons.

Shageluk
High School Student

I see the road, empty, like there
were no people alive.
I see the store with a lot of people
ready to meet Jesus.
I see the church, like it was a baby,
because they worship the church.

David Glenn Petruska
2nd-Nikolai

The airplane is flying
over the trees
near the village
They are looking
at the moose

Beverly Petruska
Nikolai

FREE

If I was a butterfly
I would be free
as free as the morning sunrise
as free as a bird flying
as free as the wind blows and
the water flows

Freddy Bobby
5th-Lime Village

This man was by a very hot
thing. The police came and he said
it smelled like smoke. Then the man
came home and he smelled something
that smell like smoke. The smoke vanished
Then the blind man had a happy life after all

Mary Turner
4th-Holy Cross

BIGFOOT

Bigfoot is hairy
Bigfoot is seven feet tall.
Bigfoot has a big toe.
Bigfoot is tall as a tree.

Telida

Brown log houses in the snow:
like a herd of moose
    standing still
    grazing in the grass.

Dichin kayih iwlts'uh di ts'etɬ ye hi neghwe'o
Dineje ne dinalgwt k'int'ats'e
Dost'ants'e nidizan
Ch'iyon ch'its'an' td

(Translated into Upper Kuskokwim
by Steven Nikolai)

Sandra Bobby 11th Grade
Sally Bobby 10th Grade
Lime Village

LEAVING

At the boat
  my throat felt tight
and dry

At night on the deck
  I watched the lights
getting farther and farther
away

Like an unwanted child
  my tears were glimmering

Like the beautiful bright lights
  I've left behind

As far away as my friends

Bert Vanborg
McGrath

The cat that walks on its track
is a fast cat
It gots 55 horses
It gots two skis
It goes about a hundred
When it flips, it chips, your hips,
When you flip, you break your hood.
Ours is a Ski-Do and a Yamaha
We call it a Yama-Do
It is full-blooded Alaskan
but made in Japan

Junior John
Nikolai

As a woman staggers into
her house, a big man walks out of the
cabin, and onto a snow machine. He starts
his snowmachine and flies over the road.